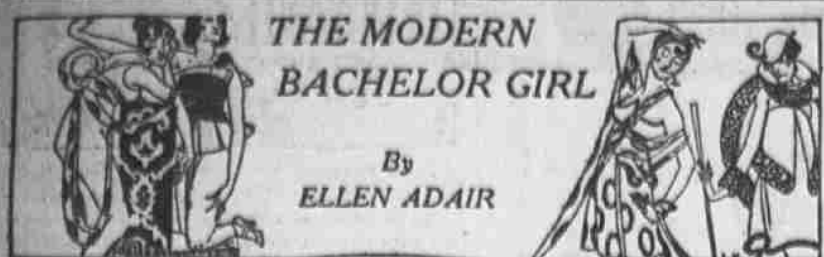


WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



THE MODERN BACHELOR GIRL

By ELLEN ADAIR

The Bachelor Girl may really be of any age, but somehow or other she is always on the right side of 30. And she is delightfully attractive, too. Men like her, and women like her, and, best of all, she likes herself. For to like oneself is the only thing that really matters. It implies a useful life well spent, and, like the village blacksmith, a perpetual and very delightful feeling of "something done," having duly earned the aforementioned right to be pleased with oneself in general and one's career in particular.

Speaking of careers, of course it is a foregone conclusion that the Bachelor Girl has a career. Without her all-important career, she isn't a real Bachelor Girl, but only a dull person who may be verging perilously near to Old Maidhood. The career doesn't necessarily need to be a remunerative one. All the more honor to her if it isn't. But a working life of some sort she must have if she is to be a real Bachelor Girl. Moreover, she must enjoy her work just tremendously. For the real Bachelor Girl is immensely enthusiastic. That's why she is so attractive. Her enthusiasm in work and her sheer "joie de vivre" are infectious. You get "enthusied" right away whenever you come within the radius of her glowing, triumphant personality.

Fifty years ago there wasn't such a person in existence as the Bachelor Girl. She was there in embryo, in the germ, as it were, but she hadn't developed. Yet I am convinced that the embryo Bachelor Girl was terribly discontented and dreadfully rebellious in those early Victorian days. She was just longing to go out into the world and work and have a good time and do things and see things. Beneath her demure exterior a very adventurous heart was beating. But no! She had to sit at home in a stuffy drawing room, amid her crochet antimacassars and her samplers and her wax flowers, and tend her pretty little head over that incommunicable fancy work of hers and dream of the problematic lover who would come and free her from her humdrum existence.

Then, if Prince Charming came riding along, she would fall into a dreadful state of nerves and "vapors" and "nervousness," until the poor man was just as scared as herself. These early Victorian courtships must have been peculiar affairs. Yet the men seemed to have been particularly gallant in the old days.

When courtiers galloped counties over the ball's fair partner to behold, And humbly hoped she caught no cold. They don't do that nowadays. They come careering along in a 20-horsepower automobile, and the lady of their heart, instead of having an immediate attack of vapors or anything of that sort, jumps into the car without waiting for any masculine assistance and takes the wheel between her determined little hands, and they go together at a pace the mere thought of which would have set the Victorian damsel swooning once more.

There was no such thing as Platonic friendship in the old days, by the way. But the modern Bachelor Girl revels in Platonic friendship. "A man's mind and a man's point of view are so interesting and stimulating," she will say, "that I confess I have more friends among men than among my own sex. Yes, of course, I like girls tremendously. I have lots of girl-friends, too. But I don't see why a Bachelor Girl shouldn't have as many men pals as she wants—or finds useful. Yes, I admit that men are useful."

For the Bachelor Girl is nothing if not frank. Sincerity and enthusiasm are her particular hall-marks. She is delightfully up-to-date, too. Right up to the minute she is. The Old Maid was always regarded as antiquated and frumpy, both inwardly and outwardly. But the Bachelor Girl has a delightfully interesting and intelligent mind. She is thoroughly well-informed on a million different topics. Her versatility is wonderful. And as for her clothes, why, she beats the married women altogether! For the Bachelor Girl generally holds some highly remunerative post which permits of her dressing in a style which is at once the envy and despair of her feminine friends.

"The modern Bachelor Girl has a wonderful time of it," said a married woman recently. "She can afford 20 times the things that I can. For she is responsible to no one but herself for the money she spends. And to think of the salary that girl gets! Yes, I admit that I envy her. Her responsibilities are nil, and her freedom is assured. She enjoys her work in the most wholehearted manner, too, and is so fresh and enthusiastic. When she marries, even though her choice be the best fellow on earth, she will lose a good deal."

There is a good deal of truth in this. But the Bachelor Girl does generally marry. She is too attractive to be allowed to pursue her single pathway for

a lifetime. However, I have frequently noticed that the marriages of girls who have followed some useful and interesting business before they married turn out the happiest. For they have learnt many useful lessons in the game of life. Patience, the joy of work accomplished, faithfulness in small things as well as in big, thoroughness and kindness are among the number. The value of money has been brought home to them, too, and they are not likely to prove spendthrift wives.

The Bachelor Girl's previous good fellowship with a variety of men has taught her to understand the little foibles and weaknesses of the sex. So she is not likely to tread on her husband's feelings, and she certainly brings a thorough knowledge of masculine management to the matrimonial fray. So that, in the last analysis, it proves not a fray, but a very delightful and satisfactory life partnership.

The House Beautiful

This is the era of the luxuriously furnished home. You don't see plain, serviceable furnishings nowadays; everything is handsome and designed for ornament. Period rooms are the latest hobby for the modern woman, and she has at least one room done in Louis Philippe style. Tapestry is another popular fabric. It is usually cut into squares and inserted in panels in the wall. It is also a pretty upholstery for chairs and divans, and comes in a charming variety of elaborate designs and exquisite textures. These show up more vividly when mounted on furniture of heavily carved oak or mahogany, or on a severely plain article.

The decoration on the tapestry consists of old French or Flemish scenes, and many examples of barnyard pictures are to be found. Other favorites are the crown, dragon-head and the miniature effects.

French velour is a fine thing to use to upholster the heavy, black antique furniture. You can get it in deep reds, greens, a faint old-rose shade and any number of fantastic styles. This makes an excellent showing in the library, or in the living room. If your lights are bright the colors will show up beautifully in the evening. Use panels of the velour in the wall.

Value of Honey

Honey is a very valuable and delicious food, especially for children.



NEW STYLES IN FOOTGEAR

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAUDE MORRIS

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, and heir to the vast Wimberley estate, is in danger of death from two brothers of consanguinity. Guy, a cousin of Guy's, and Vertigan, a cousin of Guy's, are both in the line of succession. The other group is led by a doctor, Anderson, also of the school. John Erleigh, head of Harrow School, where Guy is studying, is the only one who is not in the line of succession. He is a man of great power and influence, and he is the only one who is not in the line of succession. He is a man of great power and influence, and he is the only one who is not in the line of succession.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.
"I—I wanted to see you again," he stammered. "It is more than a year since I saw you—I was in the neighborhood, and I walked over. You'll shake hands with me, won't you?"

"Of course," she said, with a nervous laugh. Then she held out her hand and blushed. He gripped her fingers hard.

"I am so glad to see you again," he said, "so very glad to see you. Why have you not written to me? Oh, what a foolish question to ask. Of course, you have had so much else to think of."

"I promised mother I would not write to you," she said gently. Then she turned and looked nervously across the lake. "We must not stand here," she continued. "I—mother would be terribly upset if she knew."

"There is the summer-house," he said humbly. "If we could sit in there for just a few minutes—I will open the shutters of the window and let in the light—I have so much to tell you."

She hesitated for a moment and then gave in. He opened the shutters of the window and they seated themselves on two rickety wooden chairs.

"I felt that I must come and see you," he said after a pause. "You have never been out of my thoughts—all this time, Joan, if you could only tell me what you have thought of me—now and then—it would make me very happy to know that."

"I have thought of you often—very often. God bless you for that, Joan," he said, passionately. "If I could have been sure of that—all these months—I should have been happy."

She rose from her chair. "I think I had better go," she said, in a low voice. "It only hurts me to hear you talk like this. You know—we both know—that it is foolish to talk like this."

He caught hold of her hand and raised it suddenly to his lips. She burst into tears.

"Joan—my darling," he said, "I—please listen to me—don't be angry and go." She did not speak. She covered her face with her hands and her shoulders

face with her hands and her shoulders quivered. He rose and put his arm round her.

"Joan, dearest," he said, "a year ago when I learned to love you—there was no possibility of my marrying you—that was why everything came to an end—the same day that it began—there was a moment of madness—and that was all. But now, Joan dear, I—there is a future before me—I shall be able to marry—let us sit down and talk this over calmly. Joan—just as if we were two people discussing business. You know I love you—I have always loved you. But we will talk business."

"A future before you?" she said, slowly. "Oh, how splendid—how splendid! Tell me all about it. You know—how much I care."

They seated themselves on the two rickety chairs, and he laughed joyously. Then a sudden shadow came into his eyes.

"Joan," he said, "I read in a paper the other day that you were going to marry the young Duke of Selchester—that is why I came down here—that is why."

"The Duke of Selchester?" she broke in, sharply. "What nonsense! I met him on abroad—we saw a good deal of him—he is a sort of connection of mother's."

"And that is all?" he queried. She did not answer. She colored.

"There was no ground for such a statement," he said. "None whatever—except that we saw a great deal of him."

"Lady Wimberley wishes you to marry him?" he said, after a pause. She did not answer.

"They are going to persuade you to marry him," he said bitterly. "No, no—please do not talk foolishly. Mother would not wish me to marry any one I did not love. The Duke of Selchester is nothing to me—nor ever will be. Don't let us talk of him. I want to hear your news—your splendid news."

"Oh, it is nothing," he said coldly. "When one thinks of the Duke of Selchester and his yachts, and his—"

"Jim dear," she interrupted, and leaning forward she laid her hand upon his. He flushed, and his eyes sparkled. The use of his Christian name—the first time she had ever used it—had swept away all his doubts and fears. His fingers closed on her hand.

"It was you who made me succeed," he said. "After that talk with your mother I made up my mind that I would succeed. You were so far above me, you are still so far above me, but one can climb a little nearer, even to the stars."

He paused and she withdrew her hand from his and leaned back in her chair. "I—I thought," she said in a low voice, "that you were going into a stockbroker's office. My mother told me—"

"Yes, that was interrupted. Your mother was going to pay a premium for me, and afterwards put up the money to start

me in a business of my own. But two things happened to save me from that. A stockbroker! Can you imagine me as a stockbroker, Joan?"

Joan said that she could not.

"I have no head for figures—no head for business at all," he continued. "Well, in the first place, my mother would not allow me to take the money."

"Not allow you to take the money?" the girl queried.

"No—she was quite firm on that point. She said that—that she could find all the money that was required. Of course, she could not, poor dear, but it didn't matter, as I'd made up my mind I was not going to waste my life in a futile attempt to make money. I wanted more than money, Joan—I wanted success—fame—and only one thing could give me that—I had nothing in me but my music."

"Your music?" she faltered. "But, my dear—I—you gave that for me—I have never forgotten—can never forget that—"

"It has been the making of me, Joan," he broke in hastily, "the making of me. If it hadn't been for that accident, I'd have been a second-rate pianist. As it was I turned my attention to the making of music with my brain—for others to sing in Italy."

"You compose songs?" she exclaimed. "Oh, how perfectly splendid!"

"I had the music in me," he went on, "and I know after a time that if only I could express myself there was a future before me. I aimed high—I was afraid that I had aimed too high. But I hit the mark—by just one of those lucky chances that only come once in a lifetime, and come to few men at all."

"The girl rested her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands. She looked at him, her lips parted, a rapt expression on her face. She did not even yet know what he had done, but she knew that he had done something great. He was once more the knight of her romance—the gallant knight who had ridden forth, sword in hand, to conquer the world for her sake."

"Leon and Cythna," he said, with a ring of triumph in his voice. "I made an opera out of that—you have heard of it—'Leon and Cythna'."

"Leon and Cythna?" she repeated mechanically, and then she looked at him with fear in her eyes. His misfortunes had unbalanced his brain. The opera had been produced barely a month ago, and the fame of it had spread to Italy, where music is the soul of the people. She remembered the account of it in the paper; how nothing like it had been heard in London for 10 years—how the composer was a mere boy—a boy no one had ever heard of—someone, so far as she could remember, of the name of Luvini. Of course she had heard of the opera. Who had not? And when she had read about it she had gone up to her bedroom and cried, thinking of the music that had been alienated for her sake.

"You don't believe me," he said with a smile. "Those who know have kept the secret well. I called myself Paolo Luvini—I was advised to turn myself into an Italian. Joan, dear, you look quite fright-

ened. Well, I can tell you I was frightened myself—that night—and the next day when I read the notices. Oh, of course, I was told my faults—the whole thing was crude and immature—ridiculous even in parts. But the music was there right enough—it was there, and they understood that, and they were kind to me. Joan, have you nothing to say? Why do you look at me with those frightened eyes? You didn't believe me—well, why should you? I thought my own brain had gone, that night—when I heard them applaud. Well, here you are—read this."

(Continued tomorrow.)

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In the Kitchen

Enamel ware only should be used for holding milk, custards and vegetables.



Sheppard's Underwear

Well Selected Quality and Style

- DRAWERS—Cambric or Nainsook with open embroidery or scalloped edge50c
- CORSET COVERS—Nainsook, lace or scalloped edge.....50c
- GOWNS—Low or high neck, nainsook or cambric, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35 and upward
- COMBINATIONS—Nainsook, skirt, open or closed drawers, lace or embroidery\$1.00, \$1.25
- ENVELOPE CHEMISE—The proper cut, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35 and upward
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- Also silk, albatross and flannel wrappers, specially priced.

You will find our Undermuslins the best value in the city.

J. B. SHEPPARD & SONS
1008 CHESTNUT STREET



The New Footwear

I have been studying catalogues as an antidote to the grip, and it has cheered me up wonderfully. I have ordered some new things through the mail order department, and got some splendid bargains in boots and shoes.

"You will need new bedroom slippers, Dorothy," said one of my friends, "for in a day or so you will be able to get out of bed, and quite a number of the girls are coming round to see you. If I were you, I should send for that wonderful bargain in boudoir slippers that you see in this catalogue. They really look very smart." And she handed me the department store catalogue enthusiastically.

The slippers have just arrived, and they are even prettier than I expected. They are of purple satin, fastened at the side by a choux of dull gold. A shirring of dull gold surrounds the top of each slipper, and the vamp is long and pointed.

For a bedroom slipper, I must admit that the heels are remarkably high, but I am glad of it, for, if there is anything I particularly detest, it is a low-heeled shoe.

The latest boots and shoes are so attractive. I like the high dress-boots, in

gaiter style, with the long pointed vamp of patent leather, the high French heel and the smart leather strip inserted in the front of the boot.

But the very newest thing is the gaiter boot which has a lace-up fastening at the side. The boot is of black patent leather with suede uppers in a light sand color. This boot laces up the side with a very narrow black silk ribbon and ends in a tiny bow at the top.

Mamma has just got a pair of very elaborate slippers. The upper part is of brocade silk, in grays and golds, and the lower part is of light gray suede, and finish in front is a dull gold ornament. Brocade slippers are so popular now, and as mamma is fond of brocade silk gowns, she insists that her slippers should always match them in color and material.

The black patent pumps, with high heels, are always much liked. I wear a pair today and am very pleased with them.

The weather has been so hopelessly lately that unless one has a motor car, it doesn't much matter what shoes are worn, since everyone tramps around in rubbers. They do look hideous, but I hope to be able to wear all my smart shoes very soon.

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss A. Thudum, 214 West Girard avenue, for the following suggestion:

I had long wished for a sort of a boudoir couch on which to take an occasional nap in my bedroom, but the prices they asked for them in the department stores were beyond my means.

And this is how I became the owner of one at just one-third the price, and in addition my couch serves as a shirt-waist box.

I had a carpenter make me a strong box, with a lid 63 inches long, 18 inches high and 24 inches wide. This cost me \$8.50. I padded the top with cotton and then covered the whole box with cretonne, ruffling it around the edges of the box. I bought enough cretonne to make a couple of pillows.

The inside of the box I lined with light blue cloth. Inside the box I keep my freshly ironed waists, also all my linen. The blue lining keeps the linen from turning yellow.

The couch cost me \$5.75 complete.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss E. C. Weller, 1425 First street, Washington, D. C., for the following suggestion:

I trust this will be as great a help to your readers as it has been to me. To cleanse very fine fabrics use soapless bark (obtainable in all drug stores). I washed a very fine chamoisee dress and it looks just like new. Steep the contents of a package in two quarts of water and wash the fabrics in the strained liquid. It is very good for fine velvets, silks, etc.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to O. M. P. 3660 Spruce street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Most housewives and domestics have a

habit of dropping burnt matches into a scuttle or the gas stove; others aren't particular as to where they throw them. An old cup, half filled with water, placed near the stove, makes an excellent, safe and simple depository. The idea came to me years ago, when a match that I believed entirely extinguished set fire to the kitchen window curtain. Quick action forestalled disastrous results. But such things cannot happen now, for I have so thoroughly acquired the habit of dropping the match sticks into the cup that it has virtually become "second nature." And, besides, the evaporation from the cup always maintains the proper degree of humidity in the kitchen.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Frances Bradley, 1425 First street, Washington, D. C., for the following suggestion:

To renovate worn places in rugs or carpets, buy some ordinary egg-dye, such as one used for Easter eggs. Wear an old glove, take a small quantity of light dye desired and rub in briskly. You will find the bare spots disappear and your rug look like new.

Win a Free Trip to the Great Panama-Pacific and San Diego Expositions.

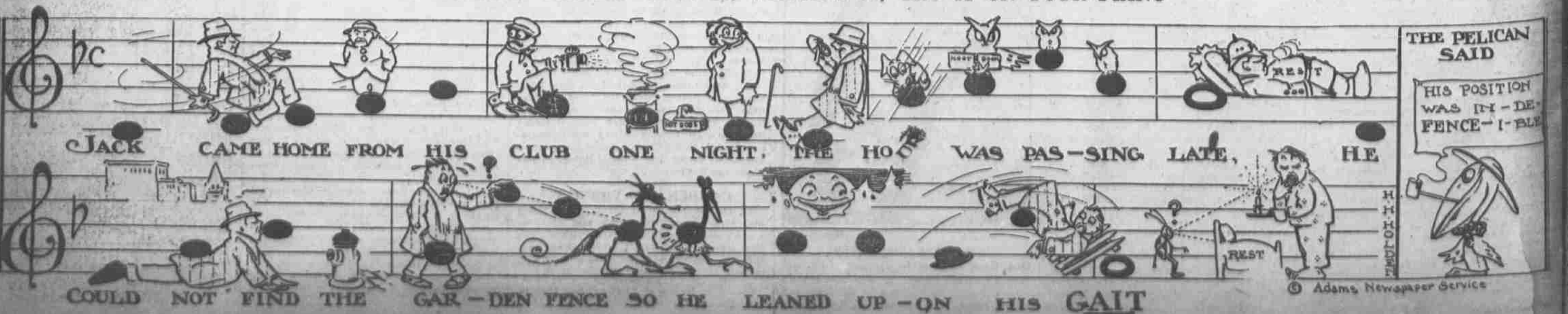
No capital or experience needed. Just a little work in your spare time will win this greatest of all free trips. Send for full details to

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HAIR AND THE MARRIAGE MARKET

Too many men have been unpleasantly surprised to find that their wife's hair, which they had so greatly admired, was only a switch or transformation. We now know that poor hair is a confession of either laziness or lack of knowledge, and that fair care, with sensible means, will insure scalp health and hair beauty. In washing the hair it is not advisable to use a makeshift, but always use a preparation made for shampooing only. You can enjoy the best that is known for about three cents a shampoo by getting a package of canthox from your druggist; dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready. After its use the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth.

A MUSICAL COMEDY—SING IT, WHISTLE IT, TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO



THE PELICAN SAID

HIS POSITION WAS IN DEFENCE—I'LL

COULD NOT FIND THE GAR—DEN FENCE SO HE LEANED UP—ON HIS GAIT

JACK CAME HOME FROM HIS CLUB ONE NIGHT. THE HO WAS PAS—SING LATE, HE

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